

WEIRD!

FANTASTIC!

ASTOUNDING!

BAFFLING

DEC. 10c 

MYSTERIES

IT'S FANTASTIC / THIS INDIAN
BURIAL CHAMBER CERTAINLY
HAS KEPT THEM WELL PRESERVED.
YOU'D ALMOST THINK THEY WERE
ALIVE !!





"The bonds we bought for our country's defense bought and helped equip our farm!"

MR. AND MRS. OAKLEY L. WHITLEY OF CUMBER, GA.
(CAN TELL YOU—IT'S FEELGOOD AS WELL AS
Patriotic TO BUY BONDS FOR DEFENSE)

Mr. Whitley inspects a broiler on his 200-acre Georgia farm. "My wife and I wouldn't own a farm, dear, today," he says, "if it weren't for U. S. Savings Bonds. They're the best way to save."



Oakley Whitley says, "Mrs. Whitley and I joined the Payroll Savings Plan in 1943. Our pay averaged about \$40 a week apart and we put about a quarter of it in savings bonds. We had saved \$6,000 by 1950."



"\$4,000 in bonds bought us our farm and house, more bonds went for a new truck, refrigerator and electric range. We're still holding about \$1,000 in bonds. Everybody should buy U. S. Savings Bonds!"

The Whitleys' story can be your story, too!

Your dream can come true, just as the Whitleys' did. Start now! It's easy! Just take these three simple steps:

1. Put saving first before you even draw your pay.
2. Decide to save a regular amount systematically. Even small sums saved this way become a large sum amazingly soon!
3. Start saving by signing up today in the Payroll Savings Plan where you work.

You'll be providing security not only for yourself and your family, but for the free way of life that's so important to us all.



**U. S. SAVINGS BONDS
ARE DEFENSE BONDS—
BUY THEM REGULARLY!**

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Vengeance of the Tiger Queen

WHEN MILLER DEERSON, A WEALTHY AMERICAN, WHOSE SPORT WAS BIG-GAME HUNTING, WENT TO SUMATRA TO SHOOT TIGERS, HE RAN INTO MANY DIFFICULTIES. HE FOUND THAT NO COMPENSATION WOULD INDUCE A SOMERON TO CATCH OR WOUND A TIGER, AND THAT THE BEASTS WERE REVERED WITH SUPERSTITION AND TERROR. HE WAS TOLD OF THE "TIGER PEOPLE" ... THEIR SPIRITS WERE DWELL IN HUMAN BODIES, AND WHO, WHEN THEY FELT AN IRRESISTIBLE DESIRE FOR HUMAN FLESH, COULD TRANSFORM THEMSELVES INTO BEASTS. LAUGHING AT THESE STORIES, MILLER DEERSON HIRED SLAVES TO TAKE HIM INTO THE MOUNTAINS IN HIS SEARCH FOR BIG-GAME TROPHIES TO TAKE BACK TO AMERICA ...



A MAGNIFICENT SPECIMEN!
LOOK... THE WHITE'S
DEVOURING THE CHIEF
WE SENT ON AHEAD!

HOLD YOUR FIRE! IT IS
TRUE THEY TERRORIZE THE
COUNTRYSIDE, BUT IT IS
FATAL TO INCUR THEIR
WRATH!



FORGOTTEN? THAT DEVIL'S
PREYED ON HIS LAST
HUMAN BEHEM!

AS HIS BULLETS FOUND THEIR MARK, THERE
WAS A DREADED CRY OF ALMOST HUMAN
SOUNDING ANGRY AND AWOKE, AND, GIVEN
ACROSS THE WATER, MILLER SAW THE GLARE OF
HATE IN THE DYING BEAST'S EYES!



SEVERAL WEEKS LATER, BACK IN AMERICA, MILLER ENTERTAINED A FRIEND—PROFESSOR LARKER, AN ANTHROPOLOGICAL STUDENT.

THE LENGTH OF HIS TAIL EXCEEDED THAT OF ANY TIGER I HAVE EVER SEEN! UNFORTUNATELY MY SLIDES DESERTED ME, AND I COULDN'T BRING THE CARCASS BACK TO CAMP MYSELF! I HAD TO BE SATISFIED WITH ONLY THE HEAD!



I COULDN'T EVEN GET ANYONE TO HELP ME SKIN THE ANIMAL! THEY WERE ALL TOO SUPERSTITIOUS TO EVEN TOUCH IT! THE NEXT DAY I WENT BACK TO THE RUINS, INTENDING TO SKIN IT MYSELF—BUT STRANGELY ENOUGH THE BODY WAS GONE!



I UNDERSTAND THAT AROUND THE 7TH CENTURY SUMATRA WAS THE SEAT OF A POWERFUL HINDU KINGDOM, AND THE OLD RUINS WHERE I SHOT THE TIGER LOOKED LIKE SOME REMAINS OF AN ANCIENT PALACE!



BUT IMAGINE THE STUPIDITY OF PEOPLE WHO REGARD AN ANIMAL AS HAVING SUPERNATURAL POWERS!

IT IS NOT WISE TO SCOFF AT THE SUPERSTITIONS OF A COUNTRY, MY FRIEND! MANY OLD AND NOBIL FAMILIES BELIEVED THEY HAD A FAMILIAR OR TUTELARY SPIRIT—AN ANIMAL GUARDIAN, WHOSE LIKENESS THEY COULD ASSUME!



MY DEAR GENTLEMEN! NOW RIDICULOUS! DON'T TELL ME YOU OF ALL PEOPLE BELIEVE SUCH ROT!

I NEITHER BELIEVE NOR DISBELIEVE! BUT THERE IS SOMETHING ABOUT THAT HEAD—AN ALMOST HUMAN AND EVIL EXPRESSION!



WHILE MILLER SHOWS OFF HIS TROPHY, A STRANGE SCENE TAKES PLACE IN A ROOM BENEATH SOME OLD RUINS IN SUMATRA.



HUNT WELL, MY PEOPLE—AND GUARD WELL THE BODY OF YOUR KING! I, YOUR QUEEN, GO TO SEEK VENGEANCE! THE FUNERAL FEAST OF MY HUSBAND SHALL BE THE BODY OF THE MAN WHO KILLED HIM!



A FEW WEEKS LATER, MILLER DEERSON WAS FLATTERED TO RECEIVE A NOTE FROM PRINCESS TIBBINA OF VANDHANA, INVITING HIM TO CALL ON HER AT A FASHIONABLE HOTEL.



MUTUAL FRIENDS IN SUMATRA TOLD ME TO BE SURE AND GET IN TOUCH WITH YOU WHEN I CAME TO THE UNITED STATES, MR. DEERSON?

MILLER WAS COMPLETELY IMPASSIONED WITH THE BEAUTIFUL PRINCESS FROM THE BEGINNING, AND A FEW DAYS LATER...



I WAS MARRIED VERY YOUNG / MY HUSBAND WAS KILLED IN AN ACCIDENT / BOTH OF US WERE ORPHANED FROM THE MENAKHARAU, WHOSE PRINCES ARE OF THE BLOOD OF SULTAN GRANDON—WHOM HISTORY CALLS ALEXANDER THE GREAT!



TIBBINA—I'M MAD ABOUT YOU I'VE NEVER MET A WOMAN WHO BITES MY BLOOD AS YOU DO!

I AM RETURNING TO SUMATRA NEXT WEEK & IF YOU WILL FOLLOW ME, I WILL GIVE YOU AN ANSWER!



ASSURING THE WOMAN HE LOVED THAT HE WOULD FOLLOW HER TO THE ENDS OF THE EARTH, MILLER WENT HOME THAT NIGHT IN A STATE OF ECSTASY, BUT AS HE ENTERED HIS DEN...

SOMEONE'S IN HERE! WHO ARE YOU? WHAT! HE—HE WASN'T ANY HEAD!



P R R R O O W W R R !



NO--NO--I CAN'T BE / THE HEAD OF THE TIGER I KILLED--IT SEEMED TO ROAR IN TRIUMPH! AND THAT HEADLESS MAN--STANDING UNDER THE TIGER'S HEAD!



A TIGER! / AN THOUGH IN ANSWER TO THAT WEIRD CALL!



JOHN HALLER AND PROFESSOR
OSCAR REACHED BELLAH,
THEY WERE TOLD THE DE
WARTHERA PALACE WAS IN
NEARBY MOUNTAINS.

LUCIANO DE WARTHERA, AN
ITALIAN EXPLORER, REACHED HERE
IN 1905 AND MARRIED INTO THE
MEMORABLE ROYAL LINE --
AND THE PRINCESS'S HUSBAND
SEEMS TO HAVE RETAINED THE
ITALIAN TITLE, AS WELL AS
THE WEALTH OF
HIS ANCESTORS.
OSCAR?

I ALSO FOUND THERE HAVE
BEEN STRANGE RUMORS ABOUT
THE FAMILY WHOSE CREST IS
A ROYAL
TIGER!

WHEN YOU MEET
THE PRINCESS,
OSCAR, YOU'LL KNOW
THAT ALL THESE
CRAZY IDEAS OF
YOURS CONNECTING
HER WITH THE
TIGER'S HEAD
ARE NONSENSE!

WHEN THEY ARRIVED AT THE
CASTLE --

THE PRINCESS
IS NOT HERE!
SHE AND THE
PRINCE ARE IN
THE BARBICAN
MOUNTAINS?







Paint a Picture in **CRIMSON**

IN THE HEART OF LONDON, BETWEEN OXFORD STREET AND SHAFTESBURY AVENUE, ONLY A FEW DOZEN YARDS FROM PICASSO, LIES THE DISTRICT KNOWN AS SOHO, ONE OF THE MOST PECULIAR AND UN-ENGLISH PARTS OF THE CITY. SMART CHARACTERS LIVE IN THE SAME FLOURENTS AND ARE OFTEN ENGAGED IN queer occupations. THE LUNARY MAY RUN INTO SKULSTER SITUATIONS, BUT THE SPIRIT OF EVIL IS NEVER FAR AWAY FROM THOSE WHO SEEK HIM. . .



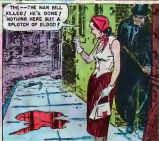
ELLA MARSHALL, AN ARTIST'S MODEL GIFT OF WORK, HAD THE BAD FORTUNE TO MEET BILL WOLFMAN, AN DREAMY CHARACTER WHO HAD AN APARTMENT IN THE SAME BUILDING OF SOHO. . .



IT'S SAFER THAT WAY-- THEN THEY CAN'T TALK! SLIMELY! WHAT A HAUL! SEE YOU LATER, BABE!

MY HELP-- YOU PROMISED!





THE NEXT MORNING LELA WENT TO THE ADDRESS SHE HAD FOUND ON THE CARD...

I HEARD YOU WERE LOOKING FOR A MODEL!

YES, YES, COME IN! I'VE BEEN EXPECTING YOU. YOU ARE VERY BEAUTIFUL. I SHALL ENJOY PUTTING YOUR IMAGE ON MY CARDS!



PERHAPS YOU WOULD LIKE TO LOOK AT SOME OF THE PORTRAITS I HAVE DONE!

PORTRAITS?



NOW HERE IS A LITTLE THING I FINISHED YESTERDAY!

IT'S THE MAN I PICKED UP IN THE RESTAURANT LAST NIGHT... THE MAN BILL WOLFRAM KILLED! SEE... THAT'S THE WAY HE LOOKED WITH THE KNIFE IN HIS BACK!



I'M SETTING OUT OF HERE!

I DON'T THINK I'M THE KIND OF MODEL YOU NEED!

BUT SUPPOSE I TOLD YOU I COULD PAINT A PICTURE OF YOU THAT WOULD MAKE YOU RICH AND FAMOUS... THAT IN A FEW WEEKS YOU WOULD HAVE A TITLED HUSBAND?



I'M AFRAID SOME OF MY OTHER PORTRAITS FRIGHTENED YOU! NOW HERE IS ONE I JUST FINISHED--YOUNG LORD JULIUS REARY-NANTON! A VERY OLD TITLE AND GREAT WEALTH! WOULDNT YOU LIKE TO MEET HIM?



THE COUNT'S WORDS WERE A TEMPTATION...

WELL--

I WAS SURE THAT YOU'D CHANGE YOUR MIND! COME-- I CAN BE PAINTING YOU WHILE WE WAIT FOR LORD REARY-NANTON TO ARRIVE!



BUT LELA SHOULD HAVE TAKEN ANOTHER LOOK AT THE PORTRAIT OF LORD JULIUS REARY-NANTON!





LATER...
I HAVE COME FOR
MY PORTRAIT, COUNT
DANHO!



WHAT A BEAUTIFUL
PICTURE-- OF
A VERY BEAU-
TIFUL GIRL?

I AM
GLAD YOU
LIKE IT!



A FEW WEEKS LATER THE
COUNT'S PRESENTATIONS CAME TRUE.
LORD REARY-MANTON HAD FALLEN
IN LOVE WITH JULIA'S PICTURE
AND WITH JULIA, AND THEY WERE
MARRIED!

SINCE IT WAS THE
COUNT WHO BROUGHT US TOGETHER
I COULDN'T REFUSE WHEN HE SAID
THAT HE WANTED TO KEEP OUR
PORTRAITS IN HIS STUDIO!



ALSO THE PICTURE OF JULIA AND JULIAN
WERE HUNG IN THE COUNT'S STUDIO AMONG
HIS STRANGE COLLECTION!



WHILE IN THE REARY-MANTON ANCESTRAL
CASTLE, JULIA'S NEW HAPPINESS WAS SUDDENLY
THREATENED...

BILL WOLFTRAMP

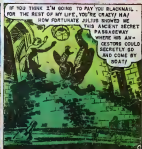
DO YOU'RE LADY JULIA REARY-
MANTON, EN? I SAW YOUR PICTURE
IN THE PAPER DRIPPING WITH
DIAMONDS!

WONDER WHAT HIS
LONGSHIP WOULD
SAY IF HE KNEW
YOU HELPED ME KILL
A BLOND
ONCE!



I SUPPOSE YOU WANT
MONEY? WELL, COME ALONG!
I'LL GIVE YOU WHAT
YOU'RE LOOKING
FOR!

I KNEW
YOU WOULD!



IF YOU THINK I'M GOING TO PAY YOU BLACKMAIL
FOR THE REST OF MY LIFE, YOU'RE CRAZY! HA!

HOW FORTUNATE JULIA SHOWED ME

THIS ANCIENT SECRET
PASSAGEWAY
WHERE HIS AN-
CESTORS COULD
SECRETLY GO
AND COME BY
EASY!

AND AN LEILA TURNED FROM THE DOOR THAT LED TO THE SECRET PASSAGE...

EEEEEY! I SAW YOU PUSH THE POOR CHAP INTO THE WATER... KILLED HIM! THAT'S WHAT YOU DID! WAIT UNTIL HIS LORDSHIP HEARS ABOUT THIS!



STAY AWAY FROM ME! DON'T YOU DARE TOUCH ME, YOU MURDERIN' HUSSY!



YOU CAN KEEP BILL WOLFRAM COMPANY IN THE INTERESTS OF THE THAMES! I'LL THROW YOUR BODY DOWN AFTER HIS!



BUT AT THAT MOMENT,...

LEILA! LEILA! WHERE ARE YOU? I THOUGHT I HEARD A SCREAM!



LEILA! LEILA! WHERE ARE YOU, DARLING?

JULIA IS COMING! AND THE GIRL IS STILL ALIVE! I WON'T HAVE TIME TO THROW HER DOWN THE SECRET PASSAGE... BUT I MUST BE SURE THAT SHE DOESN'T TALK!



LEILA! WHERE ARE YOU?

THERE! YOU'LL TELL NO TALES NOW!





OH, JULIUS! THE MOST DREA-
FUL THING HAPPENED! I HEARD
A SCREAM, AND RAN TO SEE
WHAT IT WAS! ONE OF THE
MAIDS-- WITH A BARNER
IN HER HEART!



SOMEONE
MUST HAVE
COME UP
THROUGH
THE SECRET
STAIRWAY
AND
KILLED
HER!

BLOOD...
BLOOD...



JULIUS! WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH
YOU! WHY DO YOU LOOK
LIKE THAT?

BLOOD...
BLOOD...!



DEAD? HORRIBLE...
HORRIBLE!

IT GOES BACK CENTURIES!
NO HEART-MENTION CAN LOOK
AT BLOOD WITHOUT CRAWLING! I
THOUGHT PERHAPS I HAD ESCAPED
THE HEREDITARY CURSE--BUT
I HAVEN'T!



BLOOD... BLOOD...
I MUST HAVE
MORE... MORE!

BY KILLING THE MAID I
AWAKENED THE BLOOD LIE IN
HIM! WHAT SHALL I DO?



AN INTERESTING CHAIN OF EVENTS, SIR, LE LAP
IT BEGAN THAT NIGHT YOU ACCEPTED BILL
WOLFMAN'S PROPOSITION AND PICKED UP A
STRANGE MAN IN THAT LITTLE SOHO
RESTAURANT, AND LED HIM INTO
BILL'S TRAP?



EACH THING FITS INTO THE OTHER
AND MAKES A COMPLETE PICTURE.
SOONER IT, LE LAP! JUST THE
KIND OF PICTURE I LIKE TO
PAINT! BUT MY CANVAS IS
NOT YET FINISHED!

JULIUS! I'M LILA--
YOUR WIFE! YOU WOULDN'T
HURT ME, WOULD YOU?
YOU LOVE ME... I'M
YOUNG... BEAUTIFUL...

HEH... HEH... YOUNG,
BEAUTIFUL... WITH HOT,
BEAUTIFUL BLOOD!



THE FRENZY IS PASSED...
I--I'VE KILLED MY WIFE!
I MUST GET RID OF HER
BODY! I COULDN'T FACE
THE SHAME OF ARREST!

BUT AS JULIUS CARRIED
LILA'S BODY DOWN THE
STONE STEPS, INTENDING
TO DROP IT INTO THE DARK
WATERS BELOW, HE TRIPPED...



THE SOUND OF Eerie LAUGHTER FLOATED
FROM A DARK BUILDING IN SHOPS!

ANOTHER CARVING COMPLETED! ANOTHER
PICTURE PAINTED IN BLOOD! SO MUST ALL
THOSE WHO FALL UNDER MY SPELL,
FIND THEMSELVES A
PART OF EVIL,
DESTINY! MY
PORTRAITS ARE
OF THOSE WHO
WALK IN DARK-
NESS-- AND I
DESTROY WHAT-
EVER MY BRUSH
TOUCHES!



AND THE NEXT DAY, IN COUNT DANCOR'S STUDIO,
ANOTHER GIRL WAS POSING FOR HER PORTRAIT...

THESE STRANGE PICTURES ON YOUR WALLS AMUSE
ME, COUNT DANCOR! AND YET I READ THAT
SUPERSTITIOUS PEOPLE BELIEVE THAT
PORTRAITS ARE OFTEN BELIEVED TO CONTAIN
THE SOUL OF THE PERSON PORTRAYED!



IF THE PORTRAIT IS THE SOUL OF THE PERSON, WHO-
EVER POSSESSED THE PORTRAIT WOULD EXERCISE A
FATAL INFLUENCE OVER THE ORIGINAL OF IT! ISN'T
THAT RIGHT?

JUST AS SILLY, MY DEAR,
AS YOUR MEETING WITH THE
YOUNG MAN WHO GAVE YOU MY
CARD! JUST AS SILLY AS YOUR
DESIRE FOR THE WEALTH AND
SOCIAL POSITION THAT I
PREDICT WILL BE YOURS
FOR-- HEH--HEH--A
LITTLE WHILE, AT LEAST!



THE END

BAFFLING MYSTERIES

#15

THERE IS A STRANGE TALE STILL BEING TOLD IN A SMALL COUNTRY IN THE BALCANES. THE STORY BEGAN IN THE LATE 19TH CENTURY, WHEN A DUKE AND HIS DUCHESS VISITED A CAMP OF WANDERING EGYPTIANS. IN THE TENT OF THE EGYPT QUEEN, THE DUCHESS CAME ACROSS A BEAUTIFUL, GOLD MIRROR.



THE DUKE AND DUCHESS STARTED TO LEAVE WITH THE MIRROR, BUT THE EGYPT QUEEN UTTERED A STRANGE WARNING.



THE COUPLE TOOK NO HEED, AND LEFT WITH THE MIRROR OF THE EGYPT QUEEN. AT HOME THAT NIGHT, THE DUCHESS SAT AT HER DRESSING TABLE, ADMIRING HERSELF IN HER NEW-FOUND POSSESSION.



HEARING HIS WIFE'S AGONIZED SCREAM, THE DUKE RACED INTO HER ROOM TO BEHOLD AN AWESOME SIGHT.



THE DUKE BANNED HIS WIFE WITHOUT TELLING A SOUL OF THE WEIRD INCIDENT. HE THEN TOOK THE CURSED MIRROR BACK TO THE EGYPT CAMP, BUT, TO HIS AMAZEMENT, HE FOUND THAT THE EGYPT QUEEN HAD DIED THE SAME NIGHT HIS WIFE DIED. HE BANNED THE MIRROR IN THE QUEEN'S GRAVE, AND DEPARTED. TO THIS DAY, WHEN THE STORY IS TOLD, PEOPLE SHAKE THEIR HEADS IN WONDERMENT. THIS STRANGE TALE STILL REMAINS A MYSTERY IN THE ANNALS OF THE SUPERNATURAL!

THE END

House of the SCREAMING FIENDS



WHO HAD NOT SEEN OR HEARD OF SOME HOUSE, SHOT UP AND FALLEN INTO DECAY AND LOOKING DUSTY AND DREAFTY, FROM WHICH, AT NIGHT, STRANGE SOUNDS HAD BEEN HEARD TO ISSUE—TORTURED WHIMPS—THE WHISPERS OF PERTURBED SPIRITS? THEY ARE PLACES FOR THE THING TO APPEAR... THE ABODE OF EVIL SPIRITS, WHICH BOB MORTON, A YOUNG DOCTOR WHO WAS HAVING A HARD TIME BETTING STARTED, AND HIS WIFE, CAROL, SUDDENLY RECEIVED A LETTER THAT BOB HAD INHERITED A HOUSE FROM AN UNKNOWN, DISTANT RELATIVE, THEY WERE DELIGHTED. THEY PACKED THEIR POSSESSIONS, AND IMMEDIATELY LEFT FOR THEIR NEW HOME.



OH, NO! THIS CAN'T BE IT!

I'M AFRAID IT IS! NO WONDER PEOPLE IN THE VILLAGE LOOKED AT US SO ODDLY WHEN WE ASKED WHERE IT WAS!

IT'S THE CREEPIEST PLACE I'VE EVER SEEN! AND THIS OLD BRICKYARD SO NEAR THE HOUSE MUST BE A FAMILY BURNING GROUND!

THE LAST ONE WHO LIVED IN THIS PLACE WAS A GREAT, GREAT UNCLE OF MINE, ACCORDING TO THE LAWYER. STRANGELY ENOUGH, HE WAS A DOCTOR, TOO. I'M EVIDENTLY THE ONLY ONE OF THE FAMILY LEFT!



THIS SEEMED THE FIRST STROKE OF LUCK WE'VE HAD. WE THOUGHT IT WOULD BE A LOVELY LITTLE HOUSE IN A SMALL TOWN WHERE YOU COULD WORK!

THE LAWYER'S LETTER SAID IT WAS COMPLETELY FURNISHED! MAYBE IT'S NOT SO BAD INSIDE—COME ON, LET'S TAKE A LOOK AROUND!







AS THE DOOR OPENED, HE LOST HIS BALANCE AND FELL THROUGH SPACE...



AND WHEN HE FINALLY CAME TO HIS SENSES...



YOU'RE MISTAKEN, DEAR NEPHEW! PERHAPS THEY ARE NOT QUITE HUMAN, BUT THEY ARE ALIVE! REMARKABLE, ISN'T IT?

WHO ARE YOU? WHERE DID YOU COME FROM?



I AM YOUR GREAT-GREAT-UNCLE! I COME FROM MY TOMB IN THE FAMILY BURYING GROUND BESIDE THE HOUSE... BUT I AM NOT DEAD! HEH... HEH... NO INDEED! ANOTHER ONE OF MY LITTLE EXPERIMENTS—PROLONGING MY OWN LIFE... AND THE LIVES OF SOME OF MY FORMER PATIENTS!



THE PEOPLE IN THE TOWN WERE TOO CURIOUS WHEN MY PATIENTS DISAPPEARED... AND SO I LET THEM THINK I WAS DEAD! I BUILT A PASSAGEWAY FROM MY TOMB TO THIS CELLAR... AND FOR OVER A CENTURY, I HAVE BEEN ABLE TO CARRY ON MY EXPERIMENTS!



YOU MEAN YOU MADE THEM LIKE THIS—AND THEY'VE BEEN HERE ALL THESE YEARS? BUT WHY... WHY? IT'S MONSTROUS! FIERDISH!

IT IS MOST INSTRUCTIVE AND AMUSING!



WHEN I WENT TO MEDICAL SCHOOL, THERE WERE MANY EXPERIMENTS I WAS INTERESTED IN DOING, BUT MY IDEAS SHOCKED MY INSTRUCTORS AND COLLEAGUES!



I DETERMINED THAT WHEN I GOT MY OWN PRACTICE, I WOULD TRY SOME OF MY IDEAS! MEN... MEN... NOW THIS EXPERIMENT— I ALWAYS WONDERED IF ONE EYE IN THE MIDDLE OF THE FOREHEAD WOULD NOT BE AS SATISFACTORY AS ONE ON EACH SIDE OF THE NOSE!



SO I TRIED OUT MY IDEA ON MR. FREDERICKS—MEN... MEN! THEN—HAVING AN EYE LEFT OVER, I THOUGHT IT WOULD BE INTERESTING TO SEE HOW A PERSON WOULD REACT WITH THREE EYES... SO I GAVE MR. FREDERICKS' OTHER EYE TO MR. ROBERTS!



I REMOVED ALL OF MRS. SIMPSON'S FEATURES BUT HER MOUTH—OR WAS THAT MRS. GAYLORD? MEN... MEN... AND HERBERT HERE IS MADE UP OF SEVERAL DIFFERENT PATIENTS WITH SPARE PARTS FROM THE CEMETERY!



YOU'RE A MADMAN!
A FIERD!

YOU ARE MISTAKEN, MY FRIEND! I AM A GENIUS! I HAVE ALSO MADE A SERUM THAT WILL PROLONG LIFE INDEFINITELY! DRECKLEY HELPS ME WITH SOME OF MY WORK, BUT SOMEONE WITH MEDICAL EXPERIENCE LIKE YOU WILL BE BETTER! HA... HA... I CAN TEACH YOU MANY THINGS!

YOU COULDN'T TEACH ME ANYTHING, YOU DEVIL! YOU'VE LIVED LONG ENOUGH AND DONE ENOUGH DAMAGE!





THOSE POOR SCREAMING
FRIENDS/SOMEBODY HAD TO
PUT THEM OUT OF THEIR
MISERY--AND PUT
YOU OUT OF THIS
WORLD!

POSS! / LAY A
HAND ON ME AND YOUR
WIFE BECOMES ONE OF
MY EXPERIMENTS /
CREEPLEY HAS HER
PRISONER IN THE OPERATING
ROOM WITH ANOTHER
PATIENT!



THE OTHER PATIENT IS A
VAMPIRE BAT/MA. MA... I
ALWAYS THOUGHT IT MIGHT
BE INTERESTING TO
MAKE A HALF-BAT,
HALF-WOMAN!

YOU DEVIL / IF
YOU'VE HARMED CAROL,
I'LL NEVER REST
UNTIL I BLOW UP THIS
HOUSE AND EVERY-
THING IN IT!



SUDDENLY THE DISTURBED PEOPLE
OF THE OLD DOCTOR STEPPED AHEAD,
AND BOB, PLUNGING INTO AN OPEN
GRAVE AT THE END OF THE PASSAGE,
REALIZED TOO LATE HE WAS CARRYING
IN A TRAP!

HA / HAHA!



HAHA!

OH, NO--
NO!



BURNED ALIVE! AND CAROL'S
LEFT ALONE WITH THOSE TWO
FRIENDS!



WHILE IN ANOTHER ROOM IN THE HOUSE...

BOB--BOB--WHERE ARE YOU?

HEH...HEH!
WHO CAN TELL?



CAROL--I'VE GOT TO GET TO CAROL--
I-- I CAN'T LAST MUCH LONGER
IN HERE!



YES, OLD DOCTOR! THE EVIL UNNATURAL SCUM THAT PROLONGED YOUR LIFE GAVE YOU A SUPERHUMAN STRENGTH-- BUT WHEN A MAN IS YOUNG AND FIGHTING FOR HIS OWN LIFE AND THE LIFE OF THE WOMAN HE LOVES-- HE'S APT TO WIN!



THE OLD DOCTOR LAY ON THE FLOOR OF HIS SINFUL OPERATING ROOM-- A MASS OF DISFIGURING BONES. BUT HARDLY UNFETTERED CAROL-- BUT AS THEY RUSHED FORWARD THE STAIRS, A BLOOD-CHILLING LIGHT AND SOUND MET THEM!



THE TWO ON THE STAIRS... TEAR THEM APART!

OUR ONLY CHANCE IS TO THROW THEM INTO CONFUSION! HERE... GET FIRE TO EVERY-THING! I'LL TRY TO GET CREERLEY AND HIS WIFE!



EDDIE! MERCY... MERCY! WITHOUT MY WIFE THEY WILL TEAR ME APART! AND THE FIRE... WE WILL BURN!

HURRY, CAROL... OUT OF THE DOOR... WHATEVER THE CREATURES DO TO YOU, CREERLEY-- YOU'VE GOT COMING TO YOU! AND IN JUST A FEW MINUTES NO ONE WILL EVER HEAR THOSE SCREAMS AGAIN!



THERE GOES THE LAST OF THE MOST FIENDISH HERITAGE A MAN EVER RECEIVED-- BUT THOSE POOR SCREAMING CREATURES ARE FREE AT LAST--AND THE OLD DOCTOR AND CREERLEY WILL NEVER AGAIN EXPERIMENT WITH HUMAN LIVES!



TOMORROW, I'LL DYNAMITE THE TUNNEL AND HAVE THE GRAVES FLOWED SO THAT THERE WILL BE NO TRACE OF THE FRIGHTFUL HORRORS THE OLD DOCTOR PRACTICED!

AND I'LL NEVER, JARIM COMPLAIN ABOUT ANY HARDSHIP THAT COMES TO US, DEAR, NOW THAT WE'VE ESCAPED!



GLOWING EMBERS... A FEW BLACKENED BONES AND BONES. THE OLD DOCTOR CREATED THE GRAVE, BUT HE COULD NOT CHEAT THE ETERNAL DOOR THAT ADMITS HIS EVIL SOUL. AND ANOTHER HAUNTED HOUSE GOES INTO SILENCE, NEVER AGAIN TO SPREAD ITS EERIE TERROR OVER THE NEIGHBORHOOD. THE SCREAMS ARE SILENCED AND THE OLD DOCTOR'S "PATIENTS" ARE AT PEACE!



THE END

BAFFLING MYSTERIES

STORIES HAVE BEEN TOLD OF CLASHING FEUDS AMONG FAMILIES OF SCOTLAND, BUT STRANGEST OF ALL IS THE ONE WHICH OCCURRED IN THE YEAR 1803. THE WRELESS AND THE MURDOCKS, TWO OLD SCOTTISH CLANS, HAD CARRIED ON THEIR FIGHTING SINCE THROUGH THE YEARS, UNTIL ONLY TWO DESCENDANTS REMAINED TO BATTLE EACH OTHER. ONE DAY THE TWO MEN MET AT A CREEK SEPARATING THEIR LANDS...



I WARN YOU, MURDOCK. IF YOU CROSS MY PROP-
ERTY AGAIN, I'LL
KILL YOU!

THIS CREEK IS MY
PROPERTY TOO,
WRELESS, AND YOU'LL
NOT BE CHASING ME
OFF IT!



BLAST YOU, MURDOCK! I'LL
END OUR FEUD RIGHT HERE
AND NOW!

OWWWW!



HE'S DEAD! I'LL WEIGH HIS
BODY DOWN WITH ROCKS AND BURY HIM
IN THIS CREEK! IT'S DEEP, AND HE'LL
NEVER BE FOUND!



THE EVIL DEED COMPLETED, WRELESS RETURNED
HOME. THE NEXT DAY WHEN HE RETURNED TO THE
CREEK...

WHAA...? THE CREEK. IT'S
TURNED BLOOD RED! IT'S THE
BLOOD OF MURDOCK!



SHOCKED OUT OF HIS WITS, WRELESS CONFESSED HIS CRIME
TO THE POLICE. THEY RETURNED TO THE CREEK TO RETRIEVE
THE DEAD MAN'S BODY...

THIS WATER HAS TURNED RED FOR
SOME STRANGE REASON! MURDOCK'S BLOOD
COULDN'T HAVE ACCOMPLISHED THIS
PHENOMENON! I' M WORRIED...

YES, THE WHOLE VILLAGE
WONDERED... A CREEK WITH
WATER TURNED TO BLOOD, BUT
THE RED TINT DID NOT LAST
LONG. NOW, ONLY ONCE A YEAR,
ON THE ANNIVERSARY OF
WRELESS'S SLAYING OF
MURDOCK, DOES IT CHANGE
FROM CLEAR WATER TO THICK,
RED BLOOD. SCIENTISTS FROM
ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD
HAVE COME TO INVESTIGATE
THIS STRANGE HAPPENING,
BUT NONE CAN OFFER
ANY EXPLANATION. ANOTHER
PUZZLE IN THE JARNALE OF
BAFFLING MYSTERIES!

PAINTING OF THE DEAD

"Good, come away from that painting," Marcia called insistently. "Why are you staring at it so?"

For a moment Gordon Haverstraw did not answer. It was as though he had not heard his wife. His gaze was fastened broodingly to the large picture fastened to the wall of his living room. Then with a sigh he bow himself away and returned to sit by his wife's side on the sofa.

"Really," Marcia said. "If I had known it would affect you so, I never would have brought it home when I found it in that little art shop. In fact," she added reflectively, "I have a good mind to get rid of it if it's going to upset you so."

"No," Gordi shouted impulsively. "Leave it where it is. You must not touch it."

Almost unwillingly his eyes traveled back to the painting. Somehow it seemed to dominate the room, and though he could not fathom it, Gordi felt that his destiny was tied up with what was taking place upon the canvas.

Actually, the scene was happy enough. It was a picture of a boating party of some fifty years or more ago, and the steamboat was traveling up the Seine River. The passengers depicted by the artist were a motley crew, but all in all they seemed to be enjoying themselves in the bright summer sunlight. The artist had caught such a lifelike quality in his painting that it was almost as though the people were about to speak, and Gordi seemed to hear their happy chatter in his ear.

And yet, to Gordi, there seemed to be something more about the scene. He seemed to sense a premonition of disaster, as though at any minute, tragedy and evil were to take place among that happy lot.

Particularly Gordi felt himself drawn toward one of the members of the party who could not be completely seen. The man was sitting near the railing of the boat, and only his back was visible to someone glancing at the picture. But to Gordi there was something furtive about the way the man sat, as though he'd deliberately hidden his face from view, as though he wanted to make sure the artist could not catch and imprison his guilty features forever on the canvas. There was something awfully familiar about the fellow.

Gordi pulled himself together with a start. How could he know so much about a figure painted upon an ancient canvas, he mused. He searched his memory, but the answer seemed to elude him. And yet

he felt this thing. He was sure with every fiber of his being that something evil was in this man and that death walked among the boating party—and then with some deep inborn premonition, Gordi knew that he would take part in it.

Twice during dinner Gordi felt impelled to traverse the distance to the living room to gaze upon the painting. But each time he found that all had remained in place. All was the same as the painted boating party. It was as if the fatal hour had not yet come. Finally it was time to go to bed, and wearied by his unease and tension, Gordi slowly followed his wife upstairs.

But sleep did not come easily to him. Twice he was awakened by the mournful baying of some dog somewhere out in the marshes that bordered his English countryside estate. And then again Gordi fell into fatal slumber.

This time when he awakened, there was no sound within the house. He sensed it was the deepest part of the night, and there was just the sound of Marcia's even breathing from the other bed. Somehow, even while coming over from sleep to wakefulness, Gordi knew that this was the moment toward which all time had driven him, even as he rose from a poor London boy to a man of wealth.

He threw the covers back from his bed and stepped to the floor. There was no sound from his son's room which he passed without looking inside. He traversed the stairs softly down to the living room. As he approached the painting, it seemed to be illumined by some inner light, and it was as he'd expected. Now the figures in the painting were standing as though they were about to move on to another part of the boat, and the man by the rail had risen, too, his face still unseen, but he looked as though he were about to turn.

Something seemed to be drawing Gordi toward the picture, and he stepped closer, closer, until he was level with it, and then suddenly he felt the shock as something secked him forward.

Gordi found himself standing at the rail of the boat, watching the other members of the party, and he knew immediately why he was there. He was Gordon Haverstraw a young Englishman who had left his wife and child in London and had traveled to Paris for the first time when he was a bank clerk.

There in a cafe he had struck up an acquaintance with the famous artist, Stevedale, and the old

man had taken an immediate liking to him. He treated him many times now to wine, and today he had invited him along on this boating party which he intended to paint.

Dinty, as though he remembered it happening once before, Gordi knew what he must do. He had accepted Sonnevile's invitation with that plan in mind. All during the week, he had covered the thick pouch of gold coins that the wealthy elderly artist always carried with him. It was more than Gordi earned in six months in his lowly clerking job.

Gordi had soon to return to London. But before he did so, he would take Sonnevile's gold with him. Every detail of his plan to rob and kill Sonnevile had been carefully calculated. While Sonnevile had been painting the picture, Gordi had hidden his face from view so that later there would be no pictured evidence that he was ever on the boat. There was no manly people on the trip that he knew he would not be mixed were he had carried out his deed and sworn away to safety.

Now as people walked about Sonnevile approached him. "Well, Gordi, away from," the old man said gently, "will you let me buy you a drink? You will be returning soon to England, and I shall miss you."

Gordi shook his head. "No, the motion of the boat has made me lose my taste for wine. Go drink alone, Sonnevile and—I will meet you in the area of the boat later."

The old man patted him kindly on the back and walked off just the way Gordi knew he would. For a moment, as he watched Sonnevile enter the lounge, Gordi knew a twinge of regret for what he was about to do. But then he shook off any reaction about his treachery, for to him gold was more important than any bonds of brotherhood or friendship.

Gordi lay in wait in the hold of the boat, watching for Sonnevile's return. The sun had gone down, and the passengers were all within the lounge, the sounds of their laughter coming upon the evening breeze.

Presently he heard staggering footsteps coming his way, and he knew it was Sonnevile returning for their meeting. The artist had drunk much wine, Gordi thought, and it would make it that much easier.

"Is that you, *son filver*?" came Sonnevile's uncertain voice as he passed through the twilight.

Gordi did not answer from where he crouched, and the old man swayed forward. "Now *yes*?" he questioned once again.

Quickly Gordi stepped from his hiding place and grabbed Sonnevile. He wrapped his dagger around the old man's throat, his nails digging in to keep any sound from escaping the other's throat. His dagger

was in his hand as he whispered menacingly, "Not one sound, Sonnevile, or you die."

The old man quivered uncontrollably in Gordi's grasp, all resistance drained from him, and Gordi thought that made it so much easier as he plunged his knife home. He felt the blade slide smoothly into the old man's flesh, felt the instant stiffening of his victim as the dagger entered, and then Sonnevile seemed to go limp in his arms.

Gordi entered the purse of gold coins, and then for a moment he released his grasp, and it was in that moment that the old man seemed to come alive. With his last remaining strength he grappled in a maddest silent manner with Gordi, not even able any longer to cry aloud. Frantically, Gordi tried to throw out of Sonnevile's grasp. And it was then it happened.

As he struggled backward, Gordi's foot became entangled in a coil of forgotten rope that lay on deck over the railing, and with an inarticulate cry Gordi felt himself lose balance and slip over the edge of the railing, dragging Sonnevile with him.

Gordi cried, "Help! Someone save me!" as he hit the cold green water and could not release Sonnevile's death clasp from his neck.

Frantically Gordi tried to avoid the rushing steamboat motor, but even as he thrashed about, he was caught in the whirling machinery. Even as his last screams were cut off, Gordi knew suddenly that he had been called upon once again to pay for his crime against friendship and trust. In a flash he knew that he had killed Sonnevile several times in the past and that his sin was not yet in sight. He knew that yet again and again, his payment would be to remain to this deed until his line died out.

As early dawn came through the window of Gordi's bedroom, Maria stirred in the opposite bed. "Gordi, it's time to get up," she called. She turned then and viewed Gordi's empty bed.

She hurried downstairs and into the living room. There on the carpeted floor before the painting she found him. She knew that Gordi was dead even as she approached him, for a green rose in her throat as she viewed his body. Gordon Haverdew lay mutilated above beyond recognition, as though he'd been caught in some giant threshing machine. He was dressed in clothes such as were worn by the man in the picture before which he lay, and they were raked with the claws of some never bottom. And as his sightless eyes peered upward, his hand seemed to rest around the small leather bag of gold coins he held.

Even as she gazed at the sight before her, through the house came the wail of Gordi's small son, as if in premonition of the fate that someday would befall him.

Never Bargain *with a* SPIRIT

PLACE YOUR BETS,
MISSEURS—GAMES?

HERE GOES THE LAST OF MY CHIPS, I'VE
NUMBER 18. DOESN'T COME UP, I'LL BE
DESTITUTE!



THE PERILOUS GUSTAVE HODGA HAD TO HAVE HEALTH, POWER, AND FORTUNE, FOR A TIME. HE WOULD HAVE EVERYTHING A MAN COULD WANT, AND YET, THERE WOULD COME A DAY WHEN HE WOULD BE WILLING TO GIVE ALL... HIS LIFE INCLUDED... TO RID HIMSELF OF THE CRUEL, JARRING EMBODIMENT OF HIS MERELESS FORMERITY, THE TALISMAN OF CESAR HODGA!

LET A GAMBLER IN ISTANBUL, GUSTAVE HODGA, AN IMPOVERISHED HODGARIAN HODGARIAN, WATCHED TERRIBLY AS THE CROUPIER CALLED OUT THE WINNING NUMBER!

NUMBER 5,
ROUGE!

HOLL, THAT DOES IT! I'VE
CLEANED OUT! I DON'T EVEN
HAVE ENOUGH TO BUY A GIN
AND TONIC! IT'S ALL!

AS GUSTAVE TURNED DISCONSOLATELY AWAY
FROM THE TABLE....

DON'T TAKE IT SO
HARD, HODGA! THOUGH
I MUST ADMIT THAT
YOU DID HAVE BAD
LUCK TONIGHT!

TONIGHT AND EVERY
NIGHT, HODGA! COME!
I DON'T KNOW WHAT I
SHALL DO! I WISH
FORTUNE WOULD SMILE
ON ME AS SHE HAS ON
YOU, HODGA!
COME!





PERHAPS SHE WILL /
COME, LET US HAVE A
COGNAC TOGETHER / I
WANT A STORY I SHOULD
LIKE TO TELL YOU!

IT MAY AT LEAST HELP ME
FORGET MY TROUBLES FOR A
TIME! I'M BADLY IN NEED
OF DIVERSION!



YOU EXPECT ME TO
BELIEVE THAT A
SMALL CHESS-PIECE
LIKE THAT HAS BEEN
THE REASON FOR
YOUR FARELOUS
SUCCESSES?

THIS IS NOT A
CHESS-PIECE, BARON!
CEASAR BORDUA HAD
THIS TALISMAN
MADE FOR HIM BY AN
EVIL, LONG-FORGET-
TEN BONDCEPLAND
PUT INTO IT ALL OF
HIS BAFANE
POWERS!

**I CARE ABOUT IT MANY YEARS
AGO, WHEN I MET AN OLD MAN WHO
WANTED TO SELL IT!**



TAKE IT, AND ALL YOUR WISHES
WILL BE GRANTED! I AM GOING
TO DIE, BUT IF I DIE WITH THE
TALISMAN IN MY POSSESSION, I
SHALL BE DOOMED TO ETERNAL
DAMNATION! AS SPECIFIED IN
THE ANCIENT TALISMAN'S
HISTORY, I MUST SELL IT AT A
LOSS! I PAID ONE HUNDRED
FRANC--YOU MAY HAVE IT
FOR FIFTY!



OVERNIGHT I WAS A
RICH MAN! EVERY-
THING I TRIED
SUCCEEDED! I
COULDN'T FAIL! /
THROUGH THE YEARS
I AMASSED A
TREMENDOUS
FORTUNE!



NOW, IT IS
MY TURN TO PASS
ON THE TALISMAN! I
AM AN OLD MAN,
AND I DREAD TO THINK
OF WHAT WOULD HAPPEN
IF I DIED BEFORE
RELINQUISHING IT!
TWENTY-FIVE FRANCS,
GUSTAVE!

I HAVE NOTHING
TO LOSE! I'LL
TAKE IT, MONSIEUR
DOMTIE!



REMEMBER, BARON, YOUR
LITTLE TALISMAN CANNOT
BE STOLEN, LOST, OR
SOLD FOR A PROFIT! /
WHEN IT COMES TIME TO
DISPOSE OF IT, SELL IT
AT A LOSS!

THANK YOU, BORDUA!
IF WHAT YOU SAY IS
TRUE, MY LUCK HAS
CHANGED AT LAST!



**THE NEXT NIGHT, GUSTAVE TAKES HIM LOOK
AT THE CASINO, BOTH ASTONISHING RESULTS!**

IT IS FANTASTIC! /
NEVER HAVE I
SEEN SUCH LUCK!

I WOULD SWEAR HE
WAS CHEATING, IF IT
WERE POSSIBLE TO
CHEAT AT ROULETTE!

LATER THAT NIGHT, THE DEEP-SEATED
GASTON BORDA APPLIED TO GUSTAVE.

YOU HAVE HAD LUCK TOMORROW,
GUSTAVE! BUT, REMEMBER, I OWN
YOU AS MUCH AS YOU OWN ME!
AND, SOMEBODY FORGOT TO STIPULATE
THAT I SHALL DO YOUR BIDDINGS!
TOMORROW NIGHT YOU WILL GO TO
YOUR UNCLE'S HOME AND...
DISPOSE OF HIM!



HOW STRANGE? I
DREAMED THE LITTLE
TALISMAN INSTRUCTED
ME TO KILL MY UNCLE!
BY SATAN, WHY
DON'T I EVEN
THINK OF THAT,
BEFORE?



THAT NIGHT, GUSTAVE DINED WITH HIS
WEALTHY OLD UNCLE.

YES, GUSTAVE, YOU
HAVE ALWAYS BEEN
MY FAVORITE NEPHEW,
AND I INTEND TO
LEAVE MY FORTUNE
TO YOU WHEN
I DIE!

HOW
KIND
YOU ARE,
UNCLE!



NOW, LET ME SEE!
WHERE DID I PUT
MY WILL...

AAARGHHH!

YOU OLD
FOOL! IT'S
TIME YOU
DIED!



GUSTAVE ACTED THE EMPY-STOMACH METHOD. HE AL-
READY HEARD THE WILL READ.

I DO HEREBY BEQUEATH
MY WEALTH TO MY BELOVED
NEPHEW, GUSTAVE, THAT
HE MAY DO GOOD WITH IT.

POMPUS OLD FOOL!
I'LL DO GOOD WITH IT,
ALL RIGHT...FOR
MYSELF!



SO, THE MORNING AFTER, GUSTAVE BECAME WELL-KNOWN FOR HIS SHARP BUSINESS DEALING,
TRANSFORMING HIS UNCLE'S MONEY INTO A FABULOUS FORTUNE.



SOMEONE SPENT MUCH TIME SAILING IN HIS TRACKS, BUT ONE TERRIBLE NIGHT THE VESSEL RAN INTO A TERRIFIC STORM OFF THE COAST OF BORNEO...

THIS SHIP WASN'T BUILT TO STAND A STORM LIKE THIS ONE, SIR!

YOU'VE GOT TO GET THIS SHIP THROUGH! DO YOU HEAR? YOU MUST!

BUT THE WIND SEAS WERE TOO MUCH FOR THE FRAGILE SHIP. SHORTLY THE SIGHT BEGAN TO FADE AWAY, WHILE THE SATANIC INCANTATION OF CALIFAN AROSE AGAINST THE SKY ABOVE.

SOONALLY THE SHIP BROKE IN TWO, AND THE TERRIFIED MUSTANG WAS THROWN INTO THE ANGRY WATERS. IF HE COULDN'T REACH LAND, HE WOULD DIE WITH THE ACCURSED TALISMAN IN HIS POSSESSION!

HELP!
HELP!

STORM LATER, MUSTANG WAS WASHED AWAY, BARELY BATTERED... BUT STILL ALIVE...

SAFE! BUT I'LL NEVER TAKE A CHANCE LIKE THAT AGAIN! IF I'D SPOWNED, MY SOUL WOULD HAVE BELONGED TO THE DEVIL! I'M GOING TO SELL THE TALISMAN AT ONCE!

AND SOON...

SOMEWHERE IN THIS CITY THERE MUST BE SOMEONE WHO WILL BUY THE TALISMAN!

AT LAST, MUSTANG SOLD THE FORTUNE. HOWEVER, HE REFLECTED TO SPEAK OF ITS HISTORY...

I WOULDN'T SELL IT IF I DIDN'T NEED MONEY. YOU CAN HAVE IT FOR FIFTEEN FRANCES!

FOR FIFTEEN FRANCES, WHAT CAN I LOSE? I'LL TAKE IT!

FREE AT LAST! I HAVE A FORTUNE NOW. I DON'T NEED THE FEARFUL THING ANYMORE! LET SOME OTHER FOOL, SELL HIMSELF TO THE DEVIL... NOT ME!

BUT WHEN MUSTANG WAS CONTACTED BY LATERAL IN CHARGE...

WHAT THERE'S BEEN NOT ONLY THAT, A STOCK MARKET CRASH! BARRON, BUT YOU SAY THEN, I'M WIRED OUT! A PAPER?



BETTER NOT COME BACK TO INSTANTLY! THE POLICE FOUND NEW EVIDENCE IN YOUR UNCLE'S MURDER!

LATER, AT THE CLUB BAR...

BUT I MUST HAVE IT! SELL IT BACK TO ME!



IMPOSSIBLE, MONSIEUR! THIS STUPID SON OF MINE SOLD IT A FEW MINUTES AFTER YOU LEFT!



WITHOUT THE TALISMAN, MUSTANG WENT FROM BAD TO WORSE. ONCE MORE, EVERYTHING HE TRIED, FAILED!

BURNED! AND I DON'T HAVE THE TALISMAN TO REGAIN MY FORTUNE!



THE FRENCH FOREIGN LEGION? WHY NOT? WHAT MORE HAVE I TO LOSE?



MUSTANG JOINED THE FRENCH LEGION, AND SOON BECAME FAMOUS FOR HIS REPUTATION MADE FOR FIGHT WITH A SHAME RECOGNIZED!

SACRÉ/FOURSTAKE FIGHTS LIKE THE DEVIL HIMSELF!



LEAD YET, MUSTANG WAS NOT LIVED BY HIS FELLOW LEGIONNAIRES. THEY RESPECTED HIM, BUT IN THE EVENING, WHEN THE MEN GATHERED TOGETHER IN COMRADESHIP, MUSTANG WAS AWAY, BY HIM, AND ALONE!



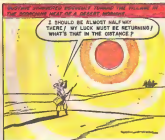
THEN, ONE FAITHFUL BAR...

I'M GOING OUT ON PATROL, AND WHO KNOWS IF I'LL BE BACK OR NOT? THERE YOU ARE, RODD? ONE HALF A BAR OF CARBOL TORREDO!



THANKS, FRANCIS, BUT, YOU MUST LET ME PAY YOU! THERE IS ONE CENTIME... ALL THAT I POSSESS!





STRONG LATER, THE HALF-DEAD
BORGES SAW SOMETHING
WHICH FILLED HIM WITH HOPE.

AM DAMN / I MUST
HAVE SOME WATER/
WATER!



STRONG'S SWEET MADE IT TO
THE CAVERN, BUT HE KNEW HE
COULD NOT HOLD OUT MUCH
LONGER...

THAT WATER HELPED A
LITTLE, BUT NOT ENOUGH /
I'M GOING TO DIE WITH THIS
SCATHESOME TALKERMAN IN
MY HANDS / I WONDER IF I
CAN CRAWL TO THAT CAVERN
OVER THERE ?



IT'S SO COOL IN HERE / BUT I
FEEL PAINTER... AND PAINTER...
I CAN'T HOLD ON MUCH LONGER!



WE HAVE BEEN WAITING FOR
YOU, EUSTACE BORGES / WELCOME
TO THE CAVERN OF LOST SOULS /
THE DOORWAY TO THE FIERY
HINOCEN /

IT'S... YOU?
NO / NO /
GET AWAY
FROM ME!



PLEASE, CAESAR
BORGES, SPARE ME /
I GAVE YOU UP / I
SOLD YOU / I
DON'T WANT
YOU BACK /

FOOL / KNOW YOU NOT THAT
NO MORTAL EVER WINS IN A
BARGAIN WITH THE DEVIL?
YOU GAMBLER YOUR SOUL,
AND LOST / THE TIME HAS
COME FOR YOU TO RELINQUISH
YOUR SOUL TO OUR EVIL
MASTER /



NO... NO /
AAAAH / HIEE!



STRONG LATER, BORGES'S COMPANIES, WHO HAD BEEN SENT TO CAPTURE
HIM, CAME ACROSS HIS DEAD BODY LYING ON THE BURNING CAVE.

WELL, IT IS PERHAPS BETTER THAT
WE FIND HIM DEAD NOW THERE WILL
BE NO UNPLEASANT COURT MARTIAL /
BUT, DO YOU NOTICE HIS FACE ?

YES? NEVER HAVE I SEEN
A MAN DIE WITH SUCH A
FEARFUL EXPRESSION ON
HIS FACE / IT IS AS IF HE
HAD SEEN THE GATES OF
HELL OPENING BEFORE
HIM /



THE END

**"The bonds William and I bought
for our country's defense
helped build a house for us!"**

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safe, sure Payroll Savings Plan!"*



Mrs. Rose Nysser says,
"In 1942 William and I
started making U. S.
Savings Bonds a part
of our plan for the most
security. I joined the
Payroll Savings Plan
at the Great Heart Shop
Co. where I work, and
began buying a \$10.00
bond a month, knowing
my money was safe and
working for me. U. S.
Savings Bonds certainly
pay me a very good rate!"

**You can do what the Nyssers are doing
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Maybe you can't save quite as much as
William and Rose Nysser; maybe you can
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2. Decide to save a regular amount system-
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blessed free way of life that's so very im-
portant to every American.

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THROUGH REGULAR PURCHASE OF
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**"Savings Bonds alone
made a \$1,500 down
payment on our house!"
says Mrs. Nysser. "Al-
together, we've saved
\$1,500 just in bonds
bought through Payroll
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keeping right on. When
we retire, our bonds will
make the difference be-
tween comfort and just
getting by. Bonds offer
a patriotic and profit-
able way to security!"**



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